

THE COMMONWEAL

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SOUND MEN AND SOUND MONEY

WHETHER or not the Calf of Gold had anything to do with the monetary standards of the men who made and adored it, the fact remains that the calf was of gold, and not of lead or iron or copper. The second fact remains, too—that the men adored it, and in doing so lost their God-given wisdom and sense of proportion.

Gold has many values in the affairs of men, but gold as money is valuable only so long as men can use it to bring sound relations between man and man. Most of us forget that there is an ethical ideal in money, just as there is an ethical ideal in a bushel basket or a quart measure or in an hour of labor. That ethical ideal is that money is meant to serve as a constant measuring standard for the labor and goods which men exchange with each other. The moment we assume that money is "sound" only when it can be exchanged at will for so many ounces of gold, we are begging the question.

So far as the very plain statements of the President can be taken at their obvious face value he intends to use gold as a means of making money serve its one honest purpose of measuring the exchange of labor, services and goods between men.

Where he differs from many of his alarmist critics is precisely in this determination to use gold as a means to an end and not as an end in itself. He has said as plainly as language can possibly explain an idea, that he intends ultimately to use gold as a means of creating a money measure which will enable men to exchange goods and services with each other, year after year, in the same standard of measure. More bluntly, he wants a dollar that will always remain a certain definite fraction of the average cost of living, just as the meter is a certain definite fraction of the earth's circumference or as one watt is a certain definite fraction of the amount of electrical volume and energy required to do a certain amount of work. No measure is sound unless it is constant, unless it is the same this year as last. The mere historical fact that a \$5,000 wage in one year will buy a third more than in the previous year, and only half of what it bought a decade ago, ought to convince the oldest banker or the youngest child in school that money, as we have known it, has not been a sound measure as far as our memory goes. In the last three years, under "sound" money, we have seen a

collapse of prices that has forced both debtors and creditors to desperation. The President knows this. He has set himself the task of creating a money that will be sound in fact as well as in name.

Let us face facts. In 1920, a \$5 bill could be exchanged for a given number of grains of gold. In midsummer of 1932, the same bill could still be exchanged for the same number of gold grains. To many of today's loudest alarmists, that fact was the symbol of "sound" money. They will not be satisfied, nor see the light of the stars again, until they return to that golden "soundness." But shoes that reached the citizen in 1932 for \$8 a pair cost \$20 a pair in 1920! In 1920 "sound" money, the farmer could pay a \$1,000 debt with 500 bushels of wheat. In 1932 "sound" money, he had to find 2,000 bushels of wheat to pay the same debt. Where, then, was the constant quality which made this money sound? It was constant in gold, but inconstant as the four winds in all else.

We might as well admit, of course, that the 1920 dollar was not even as "sound" in gold as it appeared. Had any large number of people wanted to exchange 1920 dollars for gold, they would have been unable to do so. Then there was only about \$.50 in gold back of \$1 in circulation. Now we have \$.75. To use a painfully familiar analogy the "gold margin" at the Treasury in 1920 and in the Reserve Banks was very thin. In similar contrast our gold reserves in 1920 were less than 10 percent of our total government debt including currency. Today these same reserves are about 15 percent of the total debt and currency. It was the lucky chance of popular temper that a hoarding movement never showed up the true weakness of our gold position in 1920. This inherent weakness in 1920 probably had something to do with the high prices of that year. The convertibility of currency into gold was largely a fiction—and will always be a fiction so long as "gold margin money" is accepted as the symbol of "soundness." Yet our "sound money" enthusiasts are urging an immediate return to that false symbol, and condemning in advance any effort to find a truer and sounder system for making money a constant measuring standard. There have been sound gold-money systems in the past—the Scotch system and the system of the Suffolk Bank of Boston, to cite but two examples. But our Reserve system was certainly not "sound" as a gold system, whatever other merits it may have claimed.

In the meantime, the President has set his mind and his heart to the task of creating a money that will be sound in the vastly more important sense of providing a constant buying power year after year. He may or may not have discovered the effective formula. Each separate expert will give you a different opinion. But his objective is ethically sound, and sound in common sense. It is the exact opposite of uncontrolled inflation—just as it is the

exact opposite of the uncontrolled deflation of the last three years. It is nothing more nor less than the effort to create a just and sound standard under which men can work and exchange the fruit of their labor with other men, and save with the assurance that their savings will not shrink one year, in buying power, and expand the next in a never-ending golden dance. The President knows, as few rulers of modern times have known, that sound money springs only from sound men, able to exchange their brawn and energy in a measure of constant relation to their needs for food, shelter and security over the years. In the task he has set himself, he has not banished gold. But, like the artizan rather than like the idolator, he is using it as a means to a deeply desired end.

WEEK BY WEEK

PROHIBITION, as far as modest personal observation goes and what we read in the paper, passed away as a federal law of these United States quietly and decently. Mrs.

Boole of erstwhile glory in the W.

C. T. U. had personally told one of the news syndicate reporters that

we happened to be in company with on the night of the passing, that she warned American women to keep off the streets. This proved to be quite unnecessary. The metropolis

and, from all reports, the country did not rush into Babylonian depravity the minute the stern watchdogs of the government were restrained from breaking into homes, shooting and arresting and menacing the citizens in behalf of total abstinence.

We did hear a great deal of interested discussion of ways and means to enjoy the lighter beverages, and the young woman reporter above referred to declared that at the hour of repeal she had solemnly abjured gin, which she had formerly indulged in in her lighter moments, and in the interests of her own health and the refinement of her taste, was going to become in a small way a connoisseur of wines. There was talk about the civilized ways of dispensing hospitality. While these mild amenities were in progress we interiorly pictured the new industry all of this normal indulgence would awaken, the deflection from the pockets of outlaws to the support of the government of the fraction of the profits which will now be taken in taxes, the doing away with the widespread rebellion against the minority intolerance of the one-time compactly organized dries and the restoration to American citizens of the personal dignity and responsibility of their intelligent behavior. Perhaps prohibition, not unlike many great moral aims, will have accomplished what it was destined for—a major contribution to temperance in a country given to intemperance—through apparent defeat.

SO FAR—that is, at the moment of writing—nothing startling has come out of the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo. Perhaps it is just as well that this is so. What amounts almost to a phobia since the war, is the common notion that life's problems are solved by sudden, startling innovations. As a matter of fact, life goes on; every day is another work day with its special and minute challenges which must be met by judgment and initiative. That the life of great masses of human beings who have some freedom of motion and some range of difference in taste and intellectual points of view, may be reduced to a kind of termite-ant existence, is a folly that unseats little rather than great minds. One of the everlasting glories of the founding fathers of our republic is that they appreciated this insolubility of the combinations and permutations of the human family and gave the political formula limitations and elasticity. Really the greatest good to come from such conferences as the present one at Montevideo is the opportunity to make personal contacts between the representatives of the various countries so that they may appreciate each other's special problems and so that when they communicate with each other when separated by great distances and changes of scene they may have a better chance of understanding implications, or in the cases of ill-will, wiley strategics.

THE resolution offered by Foreign-Minister José Manuel Puig-Casauranc of Mexico for the Pan-American nations to declare a moratorium without interest on obligations for the next six to ten years, was one of the too, too simple proposed solutions for our economic difficulties in this hemisphere. Secretary Hull and the United States delegation displayed admirable wisdom by not permitting themselves to be stampeded by the proposal into bearing the brunt of objecting to it. As the principal creditor nation, this objecting had been expected to be our rôle. Instead debtor nations which honestly were making an effort to liquidate their obligations and pay the services on them, took up the cudgel against the proposition as being entirely too soft for those who scamped their responsibilities. Argentina's proposal for an inter-American customs union negotiated intelligently on the basis of bilateral treaties having relation to present and potential exchange of goods between neighbors of this hemisphere, was of quite a different kind and received a quite different consideration on its merits. Depending on the working out of such immediate, practicable economics, it was further proposed that the London Economic Conference later be revived to attempt again to arrive at some coordination of the recovery plans of European countries and of the

American states. If these steps can be taken with a sober understanding that the highly involved conflict of interests cannot be solved in a day with one resounding platitudinous agreement or proclamation, there is ground for hope that progress will be made for restoring international trade and maintaining the peace of nations by cooperation rather than by cut-throat competition.

SHALL women vote? One has to be somewhat along in years nowadays to remember the storms of passion which this query aroused in the United States. Some held that the science of politics, if there ever was such a thing, would be completely undermined when Sally went to the booths, while others were concerned lest fair woman herself be sullied and degraded. All that has since become part of a fairy-tale no longer associable with the prose of every-day life. France remains, however, still ensconced behind a tradition of feminine aloofness, and there are some who behold in this conservatism a clue to the mind of Gaul. Just now the said clue is in great danger. The question is being pressed, mostly it seems by women a little conscious of their functions as taxpayers. At a recent Senate hearing, the vote stood 175 against and 118 for. Oddly enough, opposition came from the socialistic Left, many stanchly Right-wing solons assenting with alacrity. This is not so extraordinary as it may seem when one bears in mind other events in European history. When the war ended and Germany was in the throes of upheaval, it was the feminine vote which constituted the strength upon which the Center and other moderate parties could rely. In Spain, too, women appear to vote conservatively. One believes that in France also Minerva might well outdo the goddesses of revolt. At least for a time. For suffrage does have a remarkable power to bring us all to a common denominator, and eventually to erase whatever subtle differences there may be between masculine and feminine political opinion. To that also recent European history bears eloquent witness.

WITHOUT fanfare or disturbance there has been a good deal of crossing of old party political lines since the revolution of last March in the United States. There are familiar examples, of course, as the support of President Roosevelt by such nominal Republicans as Senators Borah and Norris, to mention only two. They undoubtedly are reflecting the sentiments of their constituencies, who on election day also crossed their habitual party lines to cast their votes for Roosevelt. Borah may have gone down the line for Mr. Hoover in 1928, but Mr. Hoover having won, Borah did not hesitate to attack him.

In 1932 the Senator, if he did not sulk, at least kept ominously mum in his tent on the grassy plains of Idaho, and Roosevelt having won, Senator Borah supports him. This represents nothing more than that the American system of representative government is still working; champions of the political theory of democracy may take heart. And now we notice that Robert Lincoln O'Brien, a rugged Republican if there ever was one, has been continued by President Roosevelt for another term of one year as Chairman of the Tariff Commission. The thing was done with superlative quiet, with Secretary Hull, chief negotiator of tariff treaties in Montevideo, the Postmaster General abroad and the President at Warm Springs, the day after Thanksgiving. That Mr. O'Brien's appointment will be pleasing to most of America's high-protection industrialists, goes without saying; and that they, as employers of labor, heavy investors of domestic capital in domestic enterprise and managers of production, are entitled to a representative at court who will please them, also should go without saying, in all too rare common fairness.

SOME worthy Democrats who feel that any job with a salary and political trading influence should go to one of them, may be temporarily displeased, but their cherished political theory will be against them and they generally have such satisfaction in President Roosevelt, that they will in the end be reconciled and eventually take pride in such honest, true democracy. Chairman O'Brien comes from Boston. He was Grover Cleveland's personal secretary, which fact, connected with his later stalwart Republicanism, should make him not unfamiliar with crossing political divides. For many years he was Washington correspondent for the *Boston Transcript* and finally returned to Boston to be editor of the paper. He left the *Transcript* when a syndicate of New England business and railroad men who were losing money on the *Boston Herald*, a morning paper, and its evening edition, the *Traveller*, turned the properties over to O'Brien as president of the publishing corporation and editor of the *Herald*. He retired from these positions in 1928 a very wealthy man. In 1931 he became Chairman of the Tariff Commission. He was a charter member of the famous Gridiron Club and is known in newspaper circles as a formidable and brilliant raconteur.

WE REGRET to announce the passing of *Le Correspondant*, France's most illustrious Catholic review and at the time of its demise the oldest periodical in Paris. During the troubled years which followed the Revolution and led to the disturbances of 1840 and 1848, it was the organ of those who felt that the spirit of Catholicism transcended given political interests

and cultural concerns but that the children of the Church were cut off from no part of the heritage of science, art and action. Some few years ago, the Abbé Klein summarized the history of the magazine in a little COMMONWEAL article, stressing some of the names—Dupanloup, Montalembert, Lacordaire, Cochin—who used *Le Correspondant* as a mouthpiece and a bulletin. Nor was the later history less interesting. During many years it harbored a fine interest in the United States, being almost the sole French magazine where an American could find complimentary references to himself. The student turned to it also for invaluable historical papers, written by M. de Laborie and his associates with a brilliance not found elsewhere, and for discussions of important world problems. Until relatively a few years ago, *Le Correspondant* was international minded in the true Catholic sense. Then it fell a victim to the nationalisms rampant everywhere in Europe, thus alienating many of its old and faithful readers without securing a compensatory following in other quarters. The reason given for the collapse is financial stringency. We shall miss it greatly, since perhaps no other magazine (with the exception of the Munich *Hochland*) did so much to shape the mind with which we ourselves took up the job of editing.

TO CONTINUE to collect and publish statistics dealing with those groups of the country's children who suffer most from the present situation, is assuredly not the way to breed comfort or promote an easy optimism about either the present or the future. Many surveys have been made, and the findings all converge to a grave conclusion. We must then especially beware of succumbing to the temptation to take for granted that matters are very bad, and to dismiss the subject with the more or less devout hope that they will some day be mended. These tragedies concern those who are helpless to make their own destiny; they concern children; and if they are to be mended at all, it must be by us. Every additional report in this field which shows disinterestedness and authority deserves public thanks, public analysis and public consideration. In this connection, the report recently made public by the Milbank Memorial Fund should be particularly useful in arousing the citizens of New York to a realization that, splendid though their community effort has been thus far, it has not been enough.

THE REPORT covers tests for malnutrition made by the staff of the Milbank Fund, in collaboration with the federal Public Health Service and the New York Department of Health, upon that section of New York's school children which

Le Correspondant

represents the poorest class. The tests are part of a survey of the general health of the wage-earning population to be made throughout the country. It is impossible to predict, of course, whether the resultant of the widely varying figures which will be obtained for comparable classes, will be anything like the New York figure. For the sake of all of us it is to be hoped not, for that figure is 41 percent. A little under half of all the children of New York's least privileged class, that is, are rated as "poor" and "very poor" nutritional subjects. This proportion, it is implied, represents a fairly new high level; it is definitely stated to be abnormally high in comparison with the figure for the same class in a non-depression era. These children are martyrs, bewildered and without choice. They must be continuously wretched. With their starved bodies and apathetic minds, they must miss most of the benefits of education now, though they are subjected to its processes. Later the chances are very high that they will not survive to full and useful adulthood, or will linger, victims of the maladies sown in their childhood, and charges upon others. Their plight calls to all of us. We are the ones who must help them.

SINCE the first turkey was sighted along the barrel of a fowling-piece by the first Pilgrim Father the day before the first Thanksgiving, the uttermost culinary ingenuity has been employed to make us appreciate this royal bird as he deserves. He is stuffed with sage. He is stuffed with chestnuts. He is stuffed with oysters. He is wedded to cranberry sauce, or encircled with savory, smoking apples. He is baked to an ineffable golden brown and given to us hot. Or, to tease us with the insoluble gustatory conundrum whether he is not, after all, even better cold, he is allowed to get cold and portioned out in slices that combine the impossible excellences of meltingness and firmness. Lastly, his rack is boiled into a soup so succulent that each time the lips close about the spoon, the eyes go automatically heavenward. But never before, it seems safe to say, has anyone paid him precisely the tribute which is recorded this year of the Vegetarian Society of New York. These devotees of the alkaline and the vitamine honored the gobbler, as might be imagined, in the breach rather than in the observance; but their good-will to him went far beyond the mere act of abstaining from eating him. They invited him to observe their feast, and while they lined the inner men with nuts et cetera, they regaled their eyes with his majestic struttings back and forth within the wire enclosure that had been provided—provided, it may be added, with a knowledge of the way of a turkey in the presence of vegetarian food, so that the gobbling on one side of the fence be unimpeded.

THE BRITISH PHENOMENON

GREAT BRITAIN today is a phenomenon. It is no doubt the only country in the world where something like a genuine economic improvement is manifest, and it is likewise the only one wherein political differences are not finding expression in violence or threats to do violence. That is sufficient to justify reflection. Of course the English people are facing many specific problems, any one of which would be worth thinking hard about but none of which we can deal with here. We shall be interested only in the picture which the nation presents today, and in the reasons why.

The war probably hit London harder than it did other world centers, with the exception of Vienna. Very onerous fiscal burdens were awaiting the taxpayer, and mounting unemployment seemed to chain millions of citizens to the lifelong drudgery of living on the dole. Fortunes were starved and enfeebled until they were less than wrecks of their former selves; industries which had prospered during centuries appeared doomed to a lingering death. Our guess is that few spectators left England during the years between 1924 and 1930 who did not surmise that the old empire was growing visibly feeble. The climax to all this came when it was announced, one fine day, that the gold standard was no more. For many in the United States, who had grown accustomed to the conservatism of the Bank of England, the announcement that the pound was careering in the seas of speculation came like the knell of Macbeth excepting that no alternative to Hades was in sight.

Yet queerly enough even this did not betoken Britain's last hour. The manipulation of the pound has certainly not proved injurious to British interests although many believe the point of risk has been reached if not passed. One reason for this may be the superlative skill with which London bankers, long since inured to the peculiarities of money, handle the given situation. Another may be sought in the indubitable truth that the English have profited by events which deprive rival producers, especially the Germans, of commerce. One cannot help feeling that propaganda has lately helped the British trade balance, or that several recent German explosions of feeling are attributable to ledger showings. Above all, however, the decision taken at Ottawa to abandon free trade in a world seemingly committed to protectionism has borne fruit. The empire provides a vast area inside which exchange of goods is still possible and from the various borders of which contact with strangers is relatively easy. It is by no means a coincidence that old-fashioned Liberalism is now as hard to find in His Majesty's realm as the familiar hen's tooth.

All this, however, is only the financial side of a great organic reality. The business skill of the

British (the very existence of which was denied a few years ago) is much less remarkable than the state of mind which underlies it. Conservatism of a rare kind is dominant on the island. The thing has its stuffy side, which the American frequently enough observes, but it also possesses facets of lasting solidity and quality. When the Englishman of 1933 manifests acute discomfort at the presence of central heating he is often being just a bit more conventional than Queen Victoria herself; but on the whole his outlook is characterized by a tendency to concede plenty of room to speculation about change and little to actual experiment with change. To the foreigner of the present age, particularly to the American, the permanence of class traditions in Britain is a subject for genuine wonder. For more than seventy years, literature and journalism have dealt with the reform of precisely this side of the national life. But though many improvements have been slowly and steadily effected, the rights of leadership once conceded to an upper stratum of society are not yet seriously challenged.

Today London seethes as always with societies and movements for this, that and the other thing. Certainly no other city in the world assembles so often to debate the slums, the opium traffic, prostitution and the abolition of the pub. But while many of these occurrences are applauded or deplored, everything seems in practice to get along perfectly despite them. Or rather because of them. It may be that the perfect liberty accorded all to explode in oratory and resolutions staves off every variety of concrete eruption. When matters get earnest, the government blows a whistle. London is also the wet-nurse of innumerable weird religions. Bloomsbury is host to scores of revised, reformed, occult and opaque "faiths," each of which appears to be quite prosperous. Yet nobody has ever come within miles of annexing Westminster Abbey or York Cathedral.

Under such conditions, plans can be made with good prospects of a chance to carry them out. And the graph which might be drawn of British conviction and policy since the war would show a most impressive amount of foresight plus steadfastness. Politics are ubiquitous, of course, yet even politics appears unable to deroute the national automobile from the road it has elected to follow. The idea obviously underlying British international policy since 1920 has been, "Keep the road open wherever possible." But there have been few quixotic charges of an economic Light Brigade. As soldiers the British are quite capable of Balaklava and Saloniki; as diplomats and business men, they have played Indian to an extent which an American in particular might well envy. The Irish did not charge more recklessly at Marye Heights than did the economic strength of the United States at the bulwarks of post-war world trade. It is too early to say that the British took by a surprise flank at-

tack what we lost in an assault on the front, but something of the kind appears to have happened.

Nevertheless there are some bad cracks in the otherwise firm fabric of good old England—signs of deterioration which one can only regret. In order to understand these properly, one must digress to take into account the hard but magnificent work being done by English Catholics. There are some things which prevent a visitor familiar with the Continent from immediately appreciating the group which is now doing its best to realize the vision of Newman and Manning. Loveliness in particular is absent—the quite unconscious grace of a pilgrimage to Trier, the serious beauty of a Dutch Sunday (at Bois-le-Duc let us say), or the fiery enthusiasm of a procession through Budapest. On a poor-box in a Viennese church, the pastor has written the following: "Our good friends the thieves may wish to know that this box is emptied three times a day." The humor, gentleness and resignation of that sentence—perhaps there is too much of all of them—are quite impossible in Catholic England, which only the massive wit of its Chestertons and Bellocs relieves of a certain almost shocking aridity. Westminster Cathedral is a good building, but European Catholicism would have frozen to death in it.

This quasi-puritanism, reflected in so much that is thought or said, is the exact counterpart of the "decline of England" to which we have made reference. For example, the extent to which birth control is flaunted abroad in London seems definitively representative of the ugliness of a calculated paganism now sadly much in evidence. The hardened traveler used to the weaknesses of human nature is hardly prepared to see how open a business is done in wares which of themselves signify a nation's willingness to bid one good part of its tradition a long farewell. There are other things, too, which make one feel that the times have gotten rather the better of men, and that in the end it will be only the dogmatic firmness of the old faith which, even in the teeth of populous threats, will save for the morrow the sinews of the past.

Just now, however, that past is still so virile and real that England seems almost a phenomenon. Certainly there is no other western land which has changed so little, or has wished to change so little, just as there is no other in which the old keeps on producing good results. And while we are no longer naive enough to imagine that the United States ought to play sedulous ape to any other land, we do feel that the spectacle of Britain is invigorating and refreshing. It can instruct us in the gentle art of being ourselves, firmly, with a due regard for the pleasure of old ways and a meet respect for the intelligence. We have been on a pretty bad spree these past twenty years. It may be that England is to be one of the pictures at which we are to look while sobering up.

LYNCHING AND THE LAW

By JOHN T. GILLARD

A NUMBER of recent events have conspired successfully to bring the question of lynching forcibly before the public attention. There is, for instance, the internationally known Scottsboro case with its hate-laden atmosphere awaiting only an emotional spark to detonate with terrific interracial repercussion. There is the Crawford case, too, with its suggestive background supplied by a Northern jurist who held that a Negro cannot hope for a fair trial in the South. Then there is Maryland's repetitious lynching of a few weeks ago.

California joined the "backward states" with its recent double lynching of white kidnapers. The general public has become immune to the picture of black bodies dangling from tree limbs, so it may be that a few splashes of violently shed Nordic blood in the general color scheme will forcibly focus attention on a national sore spot long enough to make us realize that social disease, like physical filth, contaminates, regardless of color, clime, class.

Probably the most discouraging aspect of California's throwback to uncivilized ways was Governor Rolph's public bestowal of praise upon the lynchers and Coroner Frank Walsh's (Chicago) desire for "a lynching or two" in Chicago, so that "justice may be served." To a mob blood is blood, be it red, white, black or blue. When sworn officers of the law have praise for lawbreakers, when white and respectable America condones the lynching of black or unfortunate America, then are we patting the head of a monster which one day may build a guillotine in the public square to satisfy its lust for blood.

The contagion of California's criminal carnival and Governor Rolph's rabid rant upon the occasion of the dual lynching is shown by the facts that within forty-eight hours a Missouri mob had lynched another and a Maryland mob had made merry at the expense of law and order. Later news dispatches tell of Georgia's calling out a National Guard company to disperse a mob reported to be on the way to take a Negro prisoner from a state prison farm. In sharp contrast to Governor Rolph's attitude stands that of the Governors of Missouri, Maryland and Georgia.

The situation in the Maryland Free State is interesting as demonstrating graphically the depth of the struggle between mob force and organized society. The so-called Eastern Shore of Mary-

With the recent sensational attempt openly to justify lynching the subject leaps again into painful prominence. It is a special problem of the United States which must be settled by sane, just, juridical and effective action. It is a problem which has been allowed to linger too long and is an affront to and a blot on the competence of Americans to rule themselves. The present writer reviews not only the shocking events of recent history but also the general characteristics of lynchings in this country.—The Editors.

land is separated from the Western Shore, or mainland, by a small body of water, but spiritually it is separated by a chasm without measurement. Two years ago the Eastern Shore let loose its hounds of hell as a Negro swung from a hempen rope in answer to a

lawless mob's command. Light from the victim's burning body was reflected in at least a thousand pairs of eyes, yet the jailer's keys did not turn upon a single fiend in expiation of the crime. Local sentiment backs up local authorities who smeared the social scab with the sticky salve of Southern sentimentality and seemed satisfied to forget. The Maryland state law is so constructed that state officials were practically helpless in the matter. Whether this difficulty in legal matters exonerates the state authorities is still a mooted question.

But lynching is contagious. The unchecked sadistic spirit of the mob, having once experienced satiation without expiation, lynched another Negro on October 18 last. One of the circuit judges, Judge Robert Duer, in speaking to the mob a few minutes before the outbreak, was reported in all the newspapers as having said that he recognized most of the people there assembled. Testimony at the coroner's inquest was punctuated by snickers and laughter. Not one witness recognized another, although the press reported that mob leaders addressed one another by their first names. All signs pointed to another "whitewashing."

State's Attorney-General Lane, at the request of Governor Ritchie, personally secured evidence against several of the mob's leaders. Local State's Attorney Robins refused to cause their arrests. Because local authorities refused to act and defied the power of the state, the Governor moved to vindicate the law in the only manner open to him—he called out the militia to arrest the suspects. Rioting followed: the National Guard was grossly insulted, newspaper men threatened with lynching and property damaged. Judge Duer promptly freed the accused mob leaders on *habeas corpus* writs. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that one of the accused was a member of the coroner's jury which could find no evidence in the lynching for which it was called, and another of the men was a special town officer. The town was in gala spirit over its "victory over Ritchie," and part of the mob promptly proceeded to drive out three hundred Negro residents of the town of Princess Ann.

Next year happens to hold a gubernatorial election within the leaves of its calendar. There are those in Maryland who are not above depositing the crisp corpse of a Negro upon the threshold of the executive mansion. Governor Ritchie is caught in the shell fire from both sides: he is damned if he does anything and he is equally damned if he does nothing. The lynching of a Negro down on Maryland's "Eastern Sho'" may result in the political lynching of a governor down in Annapolis; but, in the meantime, grease from the political pig may serve to ease through a few adequate legal measures for the future. Maryland is on trial and the country is watching.

Immediately after the last lynching Governor Ritchie appointed a commission to study ways and means to rectify Maryland's legal machinery and to speed up its administration. In his speech before the special session of the state legislature the Governor presented the findings of the commission and urged the adoption of the measures recommended. Holding that "in Maryland there is no need to make lynching a crime, the perpetrators are guilty of murder, and the accomplices and participants are guilty of established criminal offenses," the Governor recommended legislation designed to speed up criminal procedure, to provide for removal of prisoners from places of danger, for raising the sheriff's responsibility and subjecting him to removal for neglect of duty. Monetary damages to the victim or his family would be provided for by subjecting the sheriff's bond to liability, neglect of duty to be presumed until proved otherwise.

All these recommendations of the Governor and his commission are based upon a very recent book which has done much to clarify the matter of lynching from a legal point of view. Governor Ritchie mentions it by name in his recommendations. It is the very excellent "Lynching and the Law," by James Harmon Chadbourne, assistant professor of law, University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. \$2.00). This is the first book to hand devoted to a realistic analysis of the legal problems involved in attempts to eliminate lynching. The work was conducted under the auspices of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation, the Institute for Research in Social Sciences and the School of Law of the University of North Carolina. The primary sources of data were the news clippings kept by Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, and the case studies of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching. These were supplemented by 223 responses to questionnaires sent out to prominent judges, lawyers and legislators. The book is indispensable to anyone even slightly interested in social phenomena from a legal point of view.

Had "Lynching and the Law" been available

during the last session of the Maryland Legislature the Free State might not have had a second bloody blotch upon its fair escutcheon. The Reverend Hugh Duffy, S.S.J., and I spent several days interviewing the great and near-great in favor of an anti-lynching bill which had been introduced at that session. Frankly we could not work up much interest, largely because of the paucity of accurate information bearing directly upon the points at issue. Finally we went to Annapolis to find out what was holding back the bill. Great was our chagrin when told that we two priests were the first and only parties to appear in behalf of the bill. Public indignation over the lynching of the previous year had not been crystallized sufficiently to stand the cooling-off process of time. Lawmakers being politicians primarily interested in votes did not care to stir sleeping dogs—not even for a principle.

"Lynching and the Law" considers such vital topics as lynching and the administration of criminal justice, judicial punishment for lynching, anti-lynching legislation, lynching as a statutory crime, municipal liability, ouster of peace officers, procedural devices, militia, changes of venue, transfer of prisoners, special terms of court, attempted legislation, and, best of all, a model anti-lynching law containing all that is good and omitting all that is bad in existing and possible legislation. In a word, in 214 pages of reading matter is contained all one should know about the legal aspects of lynching.

A companion volume on the same subject is "The Tragedy of Lynching," by Arthur Raper, Ph.D., Research and Field Secretary of the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation (University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50). With the marked increase in lynching in the early part of 1930, the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation requested a number of men of both races to undertake a thorough study of the lynching phenomena. Thus was created the Southern Commission for the Study of Lynching. For two years it worked upon the problem, dissecting the social anatomy of each of 1930's lynchings. The Commission deserves the thanks of all students of social phenomena for presentation of the detailed and embracing materials of its studies. The book is literally packed with interesting information and accurate data unavailable elsewhere in collected form.

In every community in which a lynching occurred in 1930 investigation showed that there were many people who openly justified what had been done. All walks of life were represented among the apologists. One is quite literally flabbergasted at the statements attributed to Governor Rolph in the news dispatches. Words fail one upon reading the screaming headlines of the daily papers promising gubernatorial pardon to anyone arrested for complicity in the lynching. Comment or expostulation will be wasted upon a mentality capable of

such inanity; reproach is useless to a conscience sworn to uphold the law and then boasting participation in its strangulation; shame is impossible to a man proud of the horrible lesson California gives to the rest of the world. If Governor Rolph made the statements attributed to him, he should not only be impeached but incarcerated in an asylum for imbecilic children. A soul which can harbor such anti-social sentiments is a soul devoid of honor, rectitude and even a moronic sense of responsibility. It is consoling to note that prominent Californians, among them ex-President Hoover, issued a statement deploring the action of Governor Rolph.

In view of Governor Rolph's glorification of lynchers as patriots, here are a few interesting facts about lynchers, as brought out in the above-mentioned books—press reports would seem to bear out the fact that California's "patriots" are no exceptions to the rule: (1) The identification of lynchers can usually be accomplished without much difficulty. The Commission's field-workers secured fairly definite information about many who took part in the 1930 lynchings. (2) The majority of known, active lynchers were irresponsible, unattached youths of twenty-five or under, generally propertyless, and often with court records. (3) Only one of the known lynchers had a technical or college education, and he had been released from an insane asylum only a few months before his mob participation. Few of the lynchers had even a high school education, and most of them read but little. (4) About half of the known lynchers were not identified with any church, while many of those who were so identified were inactive as to attendance and contributions. Most were identified with few or no organizations of any kind.

With the beatification of such a base social element, what price lynching! Citizenship is debased, law and government are crucified, barbaric and depraved behavior glorified. Ethical standards must be lowered when thousands of men, women and children can stand for hours and behold victims done to death. The moral structure of the community must be broken down when these same people can swear that they know nothing about the crime. Can the mob's disregard for law, and the officers' disregard for their oaths of office, do aught but diminish the faith of all good men in law and order? Human relations must be conducted on a lower level when vice is lauded as virtue and sadism flattered as patriotism.

Shall we Americans be ashamed of our white skin, apologetic for our vaunted culture, appalled at the thinness of our civilization, speechless at our modern depravity? Side by side stand two governors who hold the answer: Rolph with the mob of anarchy; Ritchie with the mace of authority. One praises murderers murdering murderers, the

other condemns mob rule; one stayed home for the avowed purpose of preventing the militia from being called out, the other got up from a sick bed to call out the militia; one promised pardon to lynchers, the other risked his political life to arrest lynchers; one smirked, the other smacked. Rolph or Ritchie! Ruin or right!

Men, women and children who go out to kill, or to look on sympathetically while others kill, may be members of actual mobs only one day in the year or once in a lifetime, but they are most probably mob-minded every day in the year. Mobs are but the logical outcome of dominant assumptions and prevalent thinking, the logical issues of prejudice and lack of respect for law and personality, plus a sadistic desire.

Until America can discover and apply a remedy to end these relapses to the law of the jungle, we have no assurance that ordered society will not at any moment be overthrown by the blind passion of a potentially ever-present mob. What guarantee have you and I that we shall not be the next victim of a mob which knows no law but lynch law?

Names

If I could live my life in a town
Named Carmel-by-the-Sea,
Where restless tides move up and down
And trees sigh mournfully—

If I could live and work and die
In a place called Monterey,
Or Sausalito safe and high
By San Francisco Bay—

Or Land's End by the windy Gate,
Or sweet St. Francis' Wood—
Oh, could I be so fortunate
And Time and Fate so good,

I would find pleasure all my days
Apart from gifts of sea,
Or evening fog or early haze
Or tall and singing tree,

In lovely names that like a song
The startled ear enthrall,
Rippling like little waves along
In echoes musical.

O city of a hundred hills!
O Sausalito fair!
If Time allows and Fate fulfils
All that my heart would dare,

I shall turn toward the setting sun,
The Gate, the fogs, the Bay:
To gracious sounds and sights rewon—
Carmel, and Monterey.

BLANCHE W. SCHOONMAKER.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

By EDGAR SCHMIEDELER

THIS saying, long famed in American history, is commonly attributed to Horace Greeley and carried much weight in his day. Inspired by it, many a potential yeoman urged his team of horses or yoke of oxen on and on across the plains. Many a young man carved out for himself and his loved ones a little rural empire in the great Midwest or beyond. Then came a change. For decades there was a drift back to the East, or in other words, a movement toward the city. And again a change—until today we hear reechoing from many sides once more the magic words of Greeley, "Go West, go West." More than two million have heeded the words. And the movement is still under way. Whether it will continue for any considerable length of time may be a matter of conjecture. Conditions just now are too much disturbed to warrant any dogmatic assertion.

However, one need not hesitate to say that a very considerable drift away from the city and all that it represents, and back to the land and all that it stands for, would in the long run prove a genuine blessing to the nation. There is the unquestionable fact that our cities as now organized are destroying themselves, that they hold forth only too little promise for the future strength and stability of the nation.

The writer recently had occasion to state the case over the National Farm and Home Hour for a strong rural life in this country. He is very willing to admit, however, that the excellent and unpretentious picture, "The World Changes," but recently filmed, has accomplished the task much more convincingly, and certainly more graphically, than did his words. One of the chief highlights of this picture is the scene in which Paul Muni, impersonating Orin Nordholm, jr., repeats to his grandson, Orin III, the historic words of Greeley. Beginning in pioneer days in 1865, the story traces the lives of four generations of the Nordholm family, from the soil in the Dakota Territory, to the meat-packing business in Chicago, to the crash of 1929 in Wall Street, and back again to the land. The first half of the picture shows Muni's father and mother feathering their nest in the West and rearing their family in accordance with the salutary standards of the early pioneer. The second half shows the decline of Muni's family in the city and ends with the promise of a new day as energetic young Orin III goes West. The contrast between the first half of the picture and the second is striking. In the first instance one finds neighborliness, sociability, genuineness; in the second, selfishness, snobbery, hypocrisy; in the one case,

thrift, industry and manliness; in the other, squandering, laziness and spinelessness. In a word, the contrast is one of the hardy virtues against the debilitating vices, of strong and vital family life versus broken and unwholesome homes.

True, "The World Changes" is only a story. Yet, even after all fictitious elements have been swept away, even after all extremes and exaggerations have been expunged, there still remains much that is undeniably true and fundamentally important. There is the fact, for instance, that the hardy virtues are found in the country rather than in the city. There is the consideration that the major evils of our civilization are found at their worst in urban rather than in rural parts. There is the matter of first-rate importance that our agricultural environment has proved itself more beneficial to the family than has our industrial milieu. And these precisely are the things that make for the vitality or debility of a people, for the health or sickness of a society, for the life or death of a nation.

"The World Changes" is in reality an excellent exposition of the social values of rural life. It is a remarkable dramatization of the words of the Reverend Joseph Ostdiek, spoken at the recent meeting of the Catholic Rural Life Conference at Milwaukee: "A nation without a vigorous and substantial rural population is like a tree without roots, like a house without a foundation. It cannot withstand the winds of adversity."

It should hardly be surprising that the Catholic Rural Life Conference, imbued as it has always been with a realization of the genuine social values of rural life and committed as it is to a program of strengthening the Church in the country districts, should have speedily sensed the newly developed tendency to return to the soil and have shown a genuine eagerness to make the most of it. The landward movement was discussed from many different angles at the recent meeting of the conference at Milwaukee. Of particular practicality and interest were the many observations of the Reverend George Timpe, a religious who has had much experience in the field of colonization work abroad, and not a little also in this country. One of his most insistent bits of advice to the gathering was: "Don't attempt to colonize the whole country; otherwise individual contact and continued supervision will be impossible. Yet these are precisely the things that are necessary for successful settlement work." Among other things that Father Timpe pointed out was the fact that the movement of people to certain localities in the North and Northwest had been particularly large. He cited

by way of example the case of one small community where 120 persons had called within the space of five months in search of new homes. Thirty of these people actually settled in the community in question while others moved further westward. He observed, moreover, that most of the migrants were former farm owners, individuals who had lost their land in the Midwest and were looking for cheaper and smaller tracts, family-sized farms of 40-80 acres, which might be cultivated without any outside help.

This last-mentioned item would seem to be deserving of emphasis. A multiplication of smaller farms coupled with more diversified farming, or in other words, fewer large single-crop farms, should eventually prove a boon to the nation. It is all very well to prate about "making peasants out of American farmers," but so long as we will have 10,000-bushel-of-wheat-a-year farmers and other closely related varieties, we shall also have a limited number of people on the land and not unlikely a correspondingly large number of unemployed in the city. Incidentally, it might be well to note the fact that the smaller farms withstood the depression better than did the larger ones.

Particular emphasis was placed by a number of conference speakers at the Milwaukee meeting on the need for directing Catholic migrants to places within reasonable distance of established rural parishes. Indeed, one of the reasons that had been urged already the preceding year for the establishment of Diocesan Rural Life Bureaus was the desirability of having at least one official representative in each diocese authorized by his ordinary to direct such migration within the confines of his see. The Very Reverend Charles B. McCoy, director of the Rural Life Bureau of the Diocese of Little Rock, showed the possibilities in this suggestion when he related his own successful experiences in contacting Catholic families recently arrived within the state of Arkansas.

It should not be inferred from the above considerations, however, that any appreciable results have actually been achieved in the matter of a landward movement. The truth of the matter is that the drift to the land has just been "happening." There has been no organized effort to further it. Untoward conditions in the city have turned several million people toward the land, but few if any steps have been taken either to encourage a definite landward movement or to direct it in any intelligent way. Certainly neither Church nor State in this country has devised and put into operation any plan to promote such a movement on a national scale. In this regard we might well take a leaf from Germany where both Church and State have definitely fostered a nationally planned colonization program. Since 1919 there have been created in the entire country 57,444 new farms. So far as Catholic activity is concerned, 7,500 fam-

ilies, or at least 30,000 persons, had already by 1931 been settled on the land, most of them in entirely new Catholic communities. According to Bishop Kaller, the director of the Church's organized work in this field, twenty-five new Catholic villages with resident pastors and Catholic schools had been founded.

This last point suggests the project of subsistence homesteads, or rural-industrial communities, which the writer discussed in the September 22 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. While in the United States this so-called half-way-back-to-the-land proposal is still in its germinal state, its growth and development deserve careful watching. It is not unlikely that it carries with it much genuine promise of a substantial movement nearer to the soil in the future—provided, of course, that there be vigorous action and intelligent direction. Action, after all, is the secret of the German achievement referred to. And it is also what is needed in this country.

But the Rural Life Conference seeks to achieve its aim of increasing the Catholic rural population in this country, or of strengthening the Church in the rural districts, in still another way besides that of a back-to-the-land movement, or even of a move half-way back to the land. It believes also in fostering a stay-on-the-land policy. Hence it has consistently urged throughout the brief decade of its existence that at least a fair proportion of the young men and women born in the country stay there, that they settle down permanently upon the land.

Until recently, however, this policy has met with results that have been none too gratifying. Up to the time of the depression the rush of rural young folk to the city continued merrily onward in spite of all preachments about the fundamental values of an agrarian form of living. The whole drift of the times was strongly toward the city, and the Catholic Conference, still in its infancy, found it impossible to muster the necessary strength for a counter movement. It was forced to content itself with missionary efforts, with the instruction of religiously underprivileged children. And even in this work much of its energy was spent in the city rather than in the country. So far as other matters were concerned, it had to confine its efforts in very great part to talking objectives rather than to promoting activities.

This has all been a bit unfortunate, for objectives alone mean little and accomplish less. They remain, as it were, hanging in mid-air. They do not come down to earth and enrich the lives of a people. They do not further a movement. Only activities do that. In the final analysis, of course, activities do not come within the province of conferences. The latter are deliberative rather than action bodies. Their primary functions are to inspire and enthuse, to suggest and educate, rather

than to act or to carry out a definite piece of work. This points to the need for organizations of a different character, for action bodies, or groups more of an executive or administrative nature. It points to the need for emphasis upon the old fundamental institutions and ecclesiastical groupings—the home and school, the parish and diocese.

Fortunately, there is evidence that the Catholic Rural Life Conference has arrived at a realization of these needs and that it is determined effectively to meet them. At its recent annual meeting, for instance, there was a noticeable shift in its terminology from “objectives” to “activities.” There was also an enthusiastic meeting of the heads of twenty-six new diocesan bodies, the directors of recently established Rural Life Bureaus. More important still, there was a wholesome emphasis upon the need for action through the home and school and through parochial and diocesan organizations. Some attention, it is true, had already been given these groups at earlier gatherings, but hardly in a way that penetrated beneath the surface or that resulted in telling accomplishments. At any rate, the possibilities that still lie ahead are almost without limit.

In the case of the family, for instance, repeated mention has been made of the importance of the home and of the unquestionable fact that the country provides a favorable environment for domestic life. However, the great field of family interests—of recreational and social, of cultural and other activities within the family circle—has been left relatively untouched by the efforts of the conference. Yet it is precisely herein that we find most promising opportunities for an enrichment of rural life.

In the case of the rural parish, attention has been drawn to the fact that the parish plant is an ideal center for rural Catholic Action and that parishioners are soul-hungry for the mutual joys and combined interests which, under the influence and guidance of religion, can so readily be fostered on a parochial basis. Yet at least so far as the larger and better established parishes of the country are concerned, it is very doubtful whether they have in any appreciable degree felt the touch of the Rural Life Conference's influence. The latter's efforts have been centered in the smaller parishes and missions rather than in the larger parochial groupings. And neither large nor small parish has ever been favored with a place on its annual programs. This is not to suggest, of course, that the large parishes of the country have been entirely devoid of action. The writer is far too well acquainted with the hundreds of strong and active German parishes dotting the countryside within the boundaries of the half-dozen Midwestern ecclesiastical provinces to venture such an assertion. Indeed, in these groups many remarkable accomplishments were history decades before there was

thought of a Catholic Rural Life Conference. Yet even here there are undoubtedly many further possibilities for action. There are opportunities untold for the enlargement and enrichment of rural life.

Much the same must be said of the rural school as has just been said of the country parish. Theoretically, the importance of the school has been acknowledged, and in practise individual pastors and superintendents have registered remarkable accomplishments. But so far as the Rural Life Conference is concerned, the school has been relatively neglected. The Catholic child of the public school rather than the pupil of the parochial school has received the burden of its attention. Yet there are few, if any, agencies that offer greater opportunities for the promotion of a Catholic Rural Life movement than precisely the parish school system. It offers possibilities for rural Catholic Action that are quite beyond measure.

It is along these lines, then, that the Catholic Rural Life Conference must direct its efforts if its ultimate purpose is to be fulfilled. It is on the home and school, on the parish and diocese, that emphasis must be placed if a satisfying rural life is to develop. It is on activities rather than on objectives that attention must be focused if a new day is to dawn for the country. And, young man, whether you are going West or whether you are already in the country, this will all be for your welfare. It will be for the benefit of yourself and yours, for your mutual joy and contentment.

The Statue of Dante

(Meridian Park, Washington, D. C.)

Paradiso, III, 84, 85.

Beside my quiet casement,
Across the rushing street
I see the scornful Tuscan,
The city at his feet;
Clutching the precious volume,
Proud in the fronds of bay,
A ghost of time forgotten
In alien land astray.

What word have you, stern singer,
In all that mighty song,
To hold up hands that tremble,
Our timid knees make strong?
What voice of soul undaunted
That on your hearing fell
In heaven, in purgatory,
Or in the gloom of hell?

The bronze lips drop their answer
Softly as dew on fleece:
“In all our wills He willeth,
And His will is our peace.”

WENDELL PHILLIPS STODDARD.

JOHN SHAKESPEARE'S WILL

By CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN

THERE is one piece of evidence in the Shakespeare case upon which, until now, I have never expressed and hardly dared form an opinion: that is the curious document discovered in 1769 by a workman named Moseley hired by Thomas Harte to new-tile the attic in the poet's birthplace. This man found between the rafters and the thatch a small paper booklet, which purports to be the last will and testament of John Shakespeare, ex-bailiff of Stratford and William's father. The five pages of the document were roughly stitched together with pack thread, the outer covering pages were missing. Moseley handed his treasure to one of the Stratford aldermen who gave it to Mr. Davenport, the vicar, and by the latter it was eventually sent for examination to the greatest expert of those days, Edward Malone. In 1790, after long study, the critic (not easily imposed upon, since it was he who denounced the Chatterton and Ireland forgeries) affirmed that it was genuine seventeenth-century script, and his word should have carried enough weight to have justified at the time a conscientious investigation of the form and content of the paper.

What were the circumstances that caused so valuable a find to be set aside as a probable forgery and without bearing on the history of the Shakespeare family?

The document, though termed a will, is rather a declaration of faith and of pious resolution. Evidently the man who signed such a paper was troubled by the fear that pain or torture might wring from human frailty something contrary to his real thought and conscience, or that circumstances might send him to the grave with his account of sins upon his head, like King Hamlet "unhousel'd, unanail'd." As a matter of fact, the testament expresses precisely the sentiments that any impartial student might expect to find on John Shakespeare's pen. It surely reflects the state of mind in which he lived and died, for he was married as a Catholic at the little church of Aston Cantlow, refused to attend Protestant service at Stratford, and abandoned public office the day when, in order to retain his alderman's gown, he would have been obliged to take an oath acknowledging the Queen's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters: an oath to which no Catholic could subscribe, nor any convinced Puritan.

In 1592 the name of Master John Shakespeare is found as a favorer of things popish upon the list signed by Sir Thomas Lucy, and sent to the Privy Council by the Warwickshire commission which indicted eleven priests reported as "lurking" in the region with the connivance of certain Catholic families. Among other names worthy of note in Strat-

ford, by the way, are those of Bardolph and Fluelen, Bamton, and the Wheelers, father and son.

Why, then, should not the will at first glance appear authentic, since it conforms to historical facts and appears in keeping with the old bailiff's character? There is nothing astonishing in the simple fact that such a will was drawn up in the house at Henley Street, for not only were John Shakespeare and his neighbors living in a time of severe persecution when scores of Englishmen were perishing for professing the Catholic faith, but they had been terrified by arrests in their very midst—Ardens, Throckmortons, John Somerville and his wife, with Hugh Hall, the priest.

The difficulty with the document is not with the spirit but with the form. The style and wording are extremely florid, précieux and unenglish, so much so that the reader at once exclaims: "How could a Warwickshire yeoman who had never been nearer to the Apennines than London, compose and execute a piece of writing with so strong a flavor of the Italian ecclesiastical renaissance?" It was thus the problem presented itself until recently.

But today new light has been shed upon the whole question. Thanks to the remarkable discoveries of Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., one of the best authorities on Elizabethan literature and history, facts and explanation appear together and bring full confirmation of the authenticity of the testament. Only we must now admit that instead of having been originally composed by John Shakespeare, the signer subscribed to a devotional formula, the model of which was current in Warwickshire between 1580 and 1600.

In short, this confession of faith in fourteen paragraphs, each one beginning with the signer's name "I, John Shakespeare," as in most official texts, is a formula distributed to numbers of English Catholics by the members of the English mission of 1580, headed by Edmund Campion and Robert Parsons. It was recommended to the faithful by no less an authority than Saint Charles Borromeo, who entertained the English mission during a whole week in Milan before they set forth toward London, where nine of their number, including Edmund Campion, suffered death and mutilation at Tyburn gibbet, and six more were executed in the shires before the year was out.

Consequently a dangerous paper this for any Englishman to sign after 1581, for in that year a new edict was issued which went even farther than the statutes already in force. This Act of Persuasions (23 Eliz. C1) made it high treason to reconcile or be reconciled to the Romish religion, so that from that time on the Catholic layman ran as much

risk as the Catholic priest. Thus, the very existence of the Shakespeare family for a long period literally hung upon this document. Whether it was the signer himself who ultimately through fear made way with it, or some other member of the household, it is hard to guess.

The writer (who spells his name "Jhon Shakespear") declares his intention and desire to receive before death the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, affirms his confidence in God's mercy, repudiates any idea of merit on his own part and bases his hope of salvation upon the Redeemer's sacrifice. He declares himself ready to endure the bodily pains which may be inflicted upon him, proclaims readiness to forgive injuries, expresses gratitude for past mercies, invokes the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, his guardian angel and patron saint. He exhorts his family and kinsfolk to do good works, pray, and have Masses said for him.

Tedious as this document undoubtedly is—it contains 2,000 words and innumerable repetitions—the intrinsic interest is such, the bearing upon the devotional life of English Catholics under Elizabeth's penal code so obvious, that its casual setting aside by "authorized" commentators shows singularly shallow methods of study. Such as they were, however, they allowed the original to "disappear" after Malone's death, and the consolatory sentiment "the less said about Catholicism the better" cloaked the disappearance.

Nineteenth-century biographers treat the testament with silent and "genteel grimness" or brush it aside with levity. Sir Sidney Lee declares the will "undoubtedly the work of John Jordan, the first Elizabethan forger to achieve notoriety"; and C. R. Haines dismisses it as an "absurd rigmarole obviously intended as a joke on the public, hidden like a dead mouse behind the wainscoting. . . ."

But before crying "forgery" it should be remembered that the only real scholar who ever examined the original text was Edmund Malone. This authority never withdrew his declaration made in 1790 that the five leaves were a genuine sample of seventeenth-century script. He had it carefully copied both by himself and Jordan, an enthusiastic but self-educated amateur, and though perplexed by its tone, reiterated that it could not have been invented with a view to literary imposition.

Father Herbert Thurston in a sober, scholarly and impartial study declared long ago that the will "could not conceivably have been invented by a Protestant forger," least of all by Jordan who had shown himself incapable of understanding or transcribing properly the language in which it is written. He further showed it was quite in keeping with the custom of the day for Catholics to subscribe to such pious formulae, and quoted the "Exercise of the Christian Life" by Gaspar Loarte, translated into English and published in 1579. But

reviewers gave small attention to Father Thurston's argument, and the subject was again dropped.

Had it not been the remarkable discovery of the actual model for John Shakespeare's will, recently found among the records of the British Museum, Jordan's alleged "forgery" would have been quite forgotten. This new indication of John Shakespeare's "recusancy" came in the form of a small paper booklet printed in Mexico City and containing a half-dozen leaves. It is in Spanish with two blanks left for the signer's name. Of the same form, length and substance as the one found two centuries ago in the Henley Street attic, this version has the advantage of showing the title and real purpose of such a will together with the name of the original author, Charles Borromeo, who died in 1584 and was canonized in 1610.

The Mexican version begins:

The Testament or last will of the soul Made in health for the Christian to secure himself From the Temptations of the devil at the hour of death Drawn up by Saint Carlo Borromeo, Cardinal of St. Praxedis and Archbishop of Milan.



Printed with license at Mexico by the widow of Bernard Calderon, St. Augustine's street.

Year 1661

This same version declares in the *cabeza* or preamble, that the signer, Juan Phelipe Hernandez, whose name is inscribed in extremely faded ink in the blanks left for that purpose, has taken thought while meditating on the uncertain tenure of life, to prepare for death's inevitable hour by declaring to the world his last will.

In the first place, as the fountain of salvation, I Juan Phelipe Hernandez, declare and confess, in the presence of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the most Blessed Virgin Mary and court of heaven that I wish to live and die obedient to the Holy Roman Church . . .

and so through the fourteen items, furnishing not only the three missing paragraphs of "Jhon Shakespear's" will as originally found, but from the fourth paragraph on, exhibiting a complete parallel in form and wording, with one difference: whereas John Shakespeare appears in every item, Juan Hernandez affirms his identity only twice.

This discovery led to others which prove that far from being an absurd rigmarole forged by the Protestant Jordan, the paragraphs bearing John Shakespeare's signature, emanate from an uncontested ecclesiastical source. The original Italian model next came to light in print, also another Spanish text identical with the first, but this time in manuscript form and showing the same blanks in the script for the signer's name, María Teresa de Cardenas. Still another printed will in Swiss

dialect was published at Barraduz, but at a later date, and attests the popularity of Borromeo's pious testament long after the old bailiff's time.

Of all these different copies the Italian text is of particular interest, supplying as it does certain words of the English testament which neither Jordan nor Malone could agree upon or decipher.

Thus in the fourth paragraph John Shakespeare uses a word relative to receiving extreme unction, which Malone read as "justing," and Jordan as "feeling." This word would alone be sufficient proof that the document was composed by someone conversant with devotional writing and not invented by a Protestant forger. For the priest, when anointing the lips of a sick person, that he may be forgiven faults committed by taste or speech says, "Quidquid, per gustam et loquelam deliquisti"; hence the word, "gusting."

The Italian original also shows that Malone had misread two other words in the thirteenth paragraph: instead of "sharp-cutting razor," he deciphered "charge in a censor," an expression quite meaningless in this connection. "Scalpello pungente" explains the obscure significance and restores the illegible words of the English text:

Item: I John Shakespeare doe by this my will and testament bequeth my soul as soon as it shall be delivered and loosened from the prison my body to be entombed in the sweet and amorous coffin of the side of Jesus Christ; and that in this life giving sepulcher it may rest and live, perpetually enclosed in that eternal habitation of repose there to bless forever and ever that direful iron of the launce which like a sharp cutting razor formes so sweet and pleasant a monument within the sacred breast of my Lord and Saviour.

The idea of finding a sepulcher in Christ's side is perfectly familiar to early Catholic writers while the "direful iron of the launce" vividly recalls, as Father Thurston points out, the "Quae vulnerate lanceae mucrone diro" of the "Vexilla Regis."

For comparison, the tenth paragraph of the Spanish text and the English document are given:

Item: Queiro i dessio summamente, y con toda pietad ruego, que de esta mi ultima voluntad, sea Protectora la gloriosa siempre Virgin Maria y refugio y abogado de los pecadores: a la qual especialmente demas de los otros santos y santas mis devotos, que son (NN) invoco y llamo, que se hallen presentes a la hora de mi muerto; y ruego a suo Unigenito Hijo, que riciva mi espiritu en Paz.

Item: I John Shakespeare do protest that I am willing, yea, I do infinitely desire and humbly crave that of this last will and testament the glorious and ever Virgin Mary, mother of God, refuge and advocate of Sinners (whom I honor especially above all other Saints) may be the chiefe Executresse, together with these other saints, my patrons (Saint

Winifride) all whome I invoke and beseech to be present at the hour of my death that she and they may comfort me with their desired presence, and crave of sweet Jesus that he will receive my soul into peace.

John Shakespeare concludes the closing, fourteenth paragraph of his will with the words:

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Credo; Jesu, son of David, Have mercy on me; Amen.

Two questions of particular interest now present themselves: At what date was the testament drawn up, and when was it consigned to oblivion? Both are easy to answer.

This form of spiritual testament could scarcely have been current in Warwickshire before the arrival of Campion and Parsons, when a secret printing press for broadcasting their tracts was set up at a point not yet discovered. But John Shakespeare lived twenty-one years after that day in December, 1581, when Campion, Briant and Sherwin met their death. Three gentlemen and a priest from Stratford were executed; these being close kin to Mary Shakespeare, the family must have been put into a quite justifiable fear. As they were escorted to their death by Sir Thomas Lucy, and as all the old authorities on young William's life affirm that he fled from his native village to escape the persecutions which the Stratford justice was meting out with a liberal hand, it is not far-fetched to suppose that 1584-1585 was the date of William's flight and of his father's terror. We know that there was a great hue and cry after new victims at this time, and that by way of aiding the zeal of the local justice a clerk of the Privy Council was sent down to reside at Charlecote and supervise the search through the entire region for Catholic books and papers.

Young Shakespeare must have seen some of the executions within the next ten years. Many of them took place in his special haunts in London—Fleet Street, Gray's Inn, two in front of his own theatre.

The last decade of the century showed a list in no wise inferior to what had gone before: thirty priests, a tailor, an ostler, a yeoman farmer, a joiner, a dyer, a servingman. All the professions named by the dramatist had a representative, two more schoolmasters, a Portuguese physician, an Irish stable-lad, and eleven more gentlemen. A merry England it was under Good Queen Bess, even if the historians have forgotten it! And it was in the midst of these happenings that the good old justice, Sir Thomas Lucy, got busy and placed the name of Master John Shakespeare once more upon the list of "recusants" or contemners of royal authority. I have an impression that it was at this time that the spiritual testament was put aside, and human terror got the better of the ex-bailiff whatever might have been his thirst for martyrdom under the direct influence of Edmund Campion.

AMERICA'S PATRONESS

By MURIEL NOLAN DELANEY

FROM the earliest days of discovery and colonization America has been under the patronage of Mary Immaculate. Although the bishops of the United States did not pronounce the official decree of patronage until 1846 and although, too, the very doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was not declared a dogma of the Church until 1854, from the first voyage of Columbus in the Santa Maria these shores have been under the protection of the Blessed Virgin under the title of her Immaculate Conception. Soon after the discoverer touched land in October, 1492, he established the first chapel of Mary Immaculate. The earliest white settlement, St. Augustine, was founded on the Feast of Mary's Nativity, 1565.

Maryland was founded by English Catholics who first landed there on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1634, and their first settlement was given the name of St. Mary's. The colonists believed they had been saved from shipwreck by her intercession and their devotion to her was most loyal. The first Indian converts in that settlement were given the name of Mary and a chapel of the Immaculate Conception was built upon the virgin soil.

In the month of May, 1675, the Jesuit, Jacques Marquette, started on his renowned voyage to discover the Great River, called by the savages, Mississippi. His devotion to the Mother of God was fostered by his own mother and was constant during his entire life. It was to the Blessed Mother that he devoted his voyages, discoveries and hardships and under her patronage he preached and baptized. Of that first great journey he writes: "Above all I placed our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that if she granted us the favor of discovering the Great River, I would give it the name of the Conception and that I would also make the first mission that I should establish among these new people bear the same name. This I have actually done among the Illinois" (Chapter IV of "The Jesuit Relations," edited by Edna Kenton).

In 1771 Charles III instituted an order in honor of the Virgin Immaculate and solemnly declared her, with the concurrence of the Cortes and a brief from the Holy See, Universal Patroness of the Spanish Colonies in the Indies.

All of this devotion was a continuous growth from America's earliest years. It reached its climax in May, 1846, when twenty-two bishops with their theologians assembled for the Sixth Provincial Council in Baltimore, decreed Mary, under the title of her Immaculate Conception, Patroness of the Church in these United States. The next year this decree was confirmed by the reigning Pontiff, Pius IX. The bishops were one in their belief that if holy men obtain their requests, Mary's intercession is even much more powerful. She herself had given evidence of this to the American colonists for centuries.

The doctrine of her Immaculate Conception is frequently misunderstood by non-Catholics who sometimes confuse the dogma with that of the Virgin Birth. In the

official decree, "Ineffabilis Deus," it is stated as follows: "We declare, pronounce and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of the Omnipotent God in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved immaculate from all stain of original sin has been revealed by God and therefore should firmly and constantly be believed by all the faithful."

That the temple which housed the Divine Babe should have been preserved from the powers of Satan from and for all time is incompatible neither with the understanding of a reasonable God nor with proper regard for Mary herself. Catholics realize, too, that no matter how much they honor Mary, they can never equal God's honor to her when He chose to be flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood. It is inconceivable to the Catholic mind that that flesh or blood could bear the slightest semblance of stain. The Catholic heart rejoices at the thought of her who is the Creator's perfect masterpiece and His gift to an imperfect world. Mary was from the moment of her creation what we all hope to be after our death. The Catholic heart warms with pride that we have such a mediatrix, for she is of our flesh, although preserved from its taints and more closely akin to Divinity than any other solely human creature.

Cardinal Newman had to answer the charge of non-Catholics that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was a recent development. But he ably distinguishes between doctrine and devotion. "I fully grant that devotion toward the Blessed Virgin has increased among Catholics with the progress of the centuries; I do not allow that the doctrine concerning her has undergone a growth for I believe that it has been in substance one and the same from the beginning. . . . For instance, a great author or public man may be acknowledged as such for a course of years; yet there may be an increase, an ebb and flow and a fashion in his popularity" (Newman's answer to Pusey quoted in Bishop McKenna's volume on "The Immaculate Conception").

It is particularly opportune this year when Pius XI has designated for canonization Bernadette Soubirous, one of the most outstanding exponents of the Immaculate Conception, to consider, if only briefly, the decree of the dogma pronounced on that memorable December 8, 1854. The bishops had received some time previously, a brief narration of what Pius IX had done regarding the defining of the dogma. They received also a rough draft of the Bull and the notice to meet at the Vatican Palace, November 20, 1854. The conclave is effectively described by the late Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, who was present.

"At those meetings the question simply turned on the prefatory parts of the Bull, for the chief Pontiff, having before consulted all the bishops by his encyclical letter from Gaeta, had already concluded that the Immaculate Conception of Mary could be defined as a dogma of faith but also that the time had now arrived for such a definition. . . . The bishops most freely expressed themselves on the matter submitted to them; and when they spoke

in favor of a change of any kind . . . then it devolved upon the theologians who had assisted in drawing up the Bull to reply to those observations; that thus if any change were to be made it might be after due examination of all that could be said for and against. . . . And now with hopeful joy all looked forward to the eighth of December. . . . The grand illumination of the cupola of St. Peter's was to come off that day and every street was preparing for an illumination of its own. . . . Early in the morning, the cardinals and bishops offered up the Holy Sacrifice that they might be ready to await in the Sistine Chapel the forming of the procession. . . . [It] began to move chanting the Litany of the Saints Never before perhaps had St. Peter's witnessed such a number within its walls. Amidst the profound attention of the vast assembly [the Holy Father] began to read in a clear voice the prefatory parts and arrived at the decree itself. . . . His Holiness who was ever remarkable for his devotion to the Holy Virgin, overpowered as if by a sense of the favor which God was conferring on him in vouchsafing that he should be the instrument of rendering such an honor to this most loved Mother, burst into tears. . . . He went on to read with a faltering voice which betrayed the deepest emotion the word 'declaramus,' but for some minutes could proceed no farther. The effect on the vast auditory may be more easily conceived than expressed. It may be safely said there were but few present who were not profoundly moved and many wept like children. The Pope, having recovered from his emotion, finished the reading of the decree and almost immediately after the booming of the cannon of Fort Angelo began to echo through the vast dome of St. Peter's, and the bells of the churches through Rome rang a merry peal. The great act was consummated" (Rev. V. J. Bourke, "The Bull Ineffabilis").

For years it has been in the minds both of the American hierarchy and laity to build a temple for their patroness, a national shrine. Three Popes, Pius X, Benedict XV and Pius XI, encouraged the great undertaking. In 1920 Cardinal Gibbons in the presence of seventy bishops laid the cornerstone of the National Shrine on the grounds of the Catholic University at Washington. It was his last act of a national character before his death.

Two years before, a layman, George Logan Duval, devotee of Mary Immaculate, had founded at the Catholic University the Chair of the Immaculate Conception "to teach the life and example of the Blessed Virgin and to exhibit from Catholic theology and history her eminent place in the plan of man's redemption." The chair was inaugurated in May, 1918, by Right Reverend Bishop Shahan, and weekly conferences thereafter were given by Reverend Bernard A. McKenna, S.T.L., who was soon after appointed to the chair.

In this year of our Lord, eighty-seven years after the pronouncement of the fathers of the council held at Baltimore, we can reccho those words which have been inculcated into and which will be forever chorused after the "Te Deum" at all such assemblies: "Beatissimae Virgini Mariae sine labe originali conceptae harum Provinciarum Patronae honor aeternus!"

THE VAN EYCK

By JAMES W. LANE

MORAL things are of value in art. Don't let anyone ever tell you differently. Eric Gill says to strive after truth and goodness and that beauty will look after herself.

I have been looking at some very disparate art. I have been taking a whiff of religion which the quattrocento masterpieces in painting and sculpture breathe and comparing them with the literal, impulsive paintings of our own day.

You need not go far—indeed no farther than the diptych ascribed to Hubert Van Eyck that hangs near the Metropolitan's front door, in the "recent acquisitions" room—to see what the quattrocento admired. They admired religious sentiment, clarity of form, breadth and originality of design, glory of color, and unbelievable impeccability of brushwork on the smallest of scales so that it often reminds one of Persian miniatures.

To see this Van Eyck is an adventure in itself. It is the only Van Eyck in America and came from the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg, turned out by the Soviets in their campaign which recognizes neither art nor religion. They say that lines of people have formed to see it at the Metropolitan. I went on a pay-day, but even then the case in which it hangs had an observer every moment I was there and I had difficulty in studying it as long as I would have liked.

Of course this diptych may not be by Hubert Van Eyck at all. Mr. Burroughs, the curator of the Metropolitan's paintings, so attributes it, but the other attributionists, like Dr. Valentiner, De Loo and others, are all warring about it.

Let us, however, only be concerned with what it represents—the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. The artist, whoever he is, knew how to paint these. His brush, which suggests at times the fineness of a pinpoint, paints in literally everything about the characters and makes each character tell its own story. You'd hardly think that a face and head the size of your thumb-nail could express the furious anger of one of those who cried, "Crucify Him." Yet it is so, because the artist, whoever he was, and Jan Van Eyck has been suggested as much as the almost mythical Hubert, kept his eye on the object, as Wordsworth would say, and objectified the emotion.

When all these angry riders with their fine ermine-fringed cloaks ride up the middle of the picture toward the Cross of Our Lord, they form an artistic wedge or arrow, glorious with the colors of art, pointing at the simplicity of the Calvary.

The "Last Judgment" is also incredible. At the top sits a choir of the saints, each head memorably drawn in less than half thumb-nail size. Below, one of the most unforgettable Deaths in art stretches out his cloak, net-like, to gather in its cavernous fold the multitude of souls. This panel, I suppose, would take up one two-hundredth of the space of Tintoretto's great "Last Judgment" in the Doge's Palace, Venice, yet what the Van

Eyck has to say is, I wager, ten times more, if said less Wagnerianly than the Tintoretto.

In fact, with Tintoretto we can see what modern painting is. Tintoretto has more imagination than we of today have, but the same desire to paint great, vital, blowy canvases, garish in color or sentiment, yet lacking in precise design, is there.

After you have taken a walk away from the Van Eyck and also the beautiful religious sculpture of the same period which is there exhibited—was there ever greater grace or flowing design!—you will pass through the modern paintings. Any gallery or other American museum would do as well. But you will see why, no matter how much surface animation from their subjects or their color such paintings possess, they seem curiously leaden in comparison with religious works. It isn't that they are unconcerned with something to say, although it is strange that as often as the modern painter decries telling a story and paints, for instance, the façade of the Hotel Lafayette or a bread-line in the Bowery or the crowd in Union Square, attempting to infuse design into his canvas, he makes his painting more and more anecdotic. The only paintings that don't tell stories are still-lives and some landscapes.

No, the modern painter has something to say, but he is more interested in how he will say it. The technical aspects of painting are today getting overemphasized. At the moment, American painting has reached its highest general level of technique. But we have not gone to painting with our souls, to paint what was an ideal of goodness and truth. We have scavenged from daily life scenes for interesting compositions but not scenes for enhancement of the good. Happy the man who could paint like Van Eyck. "Ah! but," you will answer, "he had a different civilization and a different religion." Too true!

Dark Season

The slight moon stumbles naked on the earth,
The barren fields relinquish the golden season:
The heart seeks cover against the leafless wind,
The mind returns from its summer of sweet unreason.

The fern-frond curled to a sea-horse in the wood,
The cobwebs stretched on shivering jewel-weeds—
These that enriched the year are lost, diminished
To a silver ghost, to a handful of scattered seeds.

O heart, fear not this wide unguarded time:
The hills move close and rough in the heady air;
The mind has returned from the tangling strands
of thought,
Its dreams flung off, the mind is brave and bare:

This is the human hour, the season of darkness.
Arise, O heart, be healed in the stricken grass
That meets its small death with nor hope nor hunger
For the bright freight it bore where summer was.

FRANCES FROST.

COMMUNICATIONS

PAINTED WINDOWS

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: I have read the article "Painted Windows" by Mr. Maurice Lavanoux, in *THE COMMONWEAL* of October 13, and while I envy our friend his ability as a writer, I am not convinced because I feel that his approach should have been more sympathetic.

Mr. Lavanoux fails in his appreciation of what, after all, the craft stands for, even if only a few may be taken into consideration and not en masse. No one can view that which has taken place in the last twenty-five years without feeling that there are those who really take their work seriously, and if we are "still entangled in the chrysalis of past centuries" it is only because we follow architecture; we do not precede architecture and its creator, the architect. We must follow the prescribed style given us and we should be criticized only if we fail to do that intelligently.

Perhaps the only worth-while point in the article is where he rightfully credits the architect as "the arbiter" in matters relating to the proper development of his plan. I cannot reiterate too often my sincerest belief based on long experience, in the importance of the architect as the final arbiter in settling any dispute concerning his building, no matter how trivial the detail. I must confess that I look back with appreciation and pleasure to the many pleasant hours spent in collaboration with the architect.

I am glad that in most cases "the architect is arbiter" for, after all, we are adding our efforts to his "baby" and it should be left to "papa" to decide how and what kind of clothes he must finally wear. But, he, Mr. Lavanoux, must recognize one fact, and that is, if "papa's baby" is "Gothic" it would never do to have him dressed as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

He should not despair about our inability to intelligently adorn the "concrete" children of the future. No one more than the writer welcomes newness in any form, and especially in architecture, but up to the present I fail to see where we have fallen so far behind. Glass may be found in modernistic architecture, but both building and glass usually fail to give me the desired thrill; some of it is at its best, very commonplace.

The Holy Father in a recent expression stated his views on this subject very clearly, as quoted recently by Arnaldo Cortesi, correspondent of the *New York Times*. The Holy Pontiff, upon the occasion of the opening of an art gallery in Rome, speaking of ultra-modern architecture said, "it was his firm intention not to allow such deviations from art to find its way into the churches, and instructed the bishops to take special care that the prescriptions of canon law regarding art should be strictly enforced." This pronunciamento does not mean antagonism to progress in art; it is simply a reaffirmation of respect for the Catholic norm that has always included the artist of genius who knew how to intelligently adapt new ideas in art or architecture to the fundamental requirements of the Catholic faith.

It is to be regretted that such articles, even though cleverly written, are published because it only helps to befog the issue and especially with the laymen, whose sympathies we cannot afford to lose. Unless articles are written by those who think of our craft seriously enough to bid for public respect, it does not help matters much, if at all. I do not mean the usual article written by the untrained average girl reporter, filled with saccharine phrases, and meaningless at best; on the contrary, I welcome a "well-aimed drenching of cold water," it is most refreshing even though startling.

But when a writer seemingly goes out of his way to create a new character for a "Punch and Judy" show, I fail to see the good that may come of it.

American craftsmen do not have to explain their position nor do they have anything to excuse. A glance at what they have accomplished tells the whole story. Comparisons with what we produce and that which comes from Europe are easily made, and the deductions arrived at by the many whose opinions receive public respect has been most flattering to the American craftsman.

I trust that in justice to our cause you may find space for this in your valued paper.

NICOLA D'ASCENZO.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor: I am an instructor in a large Western university. The prevailing atmosphere in this institution does not differentiate it from that of other universities throughout the country. Briefly, that atmosphere is one of shallow intellectualism. Religion is viewed as a hang-over from all tribal taboos. It is viewed as something that the spread of intelligence will finally extirpate. Catholic students are, as a whole, less affected by this view than are students of other religious beliefs. Nevertheless, a sizable number is affected.

Some time ago in discussing the writings of a prominent English author, the question arose concerning the claims of religion. In the discussion that followed it was evident that, out of a class of fifty, less than two suspected—even remotely—that religion could be defended intellectually. After class a group of five or six asked me to continue the discussion of some points that came up incidentally. This I did, but was amazed to find that *a priori* arguments meant very little to them. What did affect them—and that tremendously—was the number and the intellectual prominence of those who recently, or fairly recently, had come into the Church. Of course I could only name a few, comparatively speaking, but the names of those few meant more to those undergraduates than the many philosophical arguments that could easily be advanced.

Now the point of my letter is this: Couldn't you publish in THE COMMONWEAL a list of noted converts to Catholicism during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries? Later, this list might be issued in pamphlet form. There is a real need for such a pamphlet.

INSTRUCTOR.

THE NEW POLITICS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The illuminating and penetrating quality of Elmer Murphy's article on "The New Politics" is distinctly marred by the inclusion of the sentence: "The professional advocates of the new dispensation are now apparently coming to the conclusion that the main task ahead is not the redistribution of what wealth we have but the production of more wealth, not to cut down what trees we have but to grow other trees."

Does this harmonize with the plan, endorsed by Dr. Tugwell, to cut down the acreage of what cotton we have grown? Does this sentence quoted above fit in with the present situation in which pigs are being slaughtered to be distributed as food rations to the poor? Even the anti-Trust laws are being suspended, one of the main purposes being the control of production!

Chapter and verse may be cited to disprove Mr. Murphy's conception of the conclusion arrived at by the professional advocates of the new dispensation.

Professor Augustus A. Berle, jr., in the September issue of *Scribner's* (page 134) declares: "Business of today is not an affair of making profits. That is incidental. Business is the service of supply." He is definitely committed to a policy of redistribution rather than the production of more wealth for production's sake. The point is even made clearer in his and Professor Means's "Modern Corporation and Private Property," and in the writings of Dr. Tugwell. Berle and Tugwell are admittedly the outstanding professional influences in the Roosevelt administration. It is therefore extremely unfortunate to know that Mr. Kiplinger, in a recent issue of the *Outlook*, calls both men "socialistic radicals." Be they "socialistic radicals" of the palest pink variety, then they had removed themselves far from the "production for production's sake" theory into the camp of the "social control" theory, which seeks a better distribution of the wealth we have.

May it not therefore be said that the professors have retreated from the capitalistic aim of "production for profit," to the aim of the Socialists since the time of "Saint" Marx, "production for use"?

S. H. REISS.

PROHIBITION FORTY YEARS AGO

Phoenicia, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A correspondent from Chicago still insists on the merits of prohibition. He finds his proofs in an almanac, and as almanacs are not generally conceded to be safe guides in weather forecasts, their retrospective scanning of the foggy atmosphere of national prohibition may not be sufficiently assuring. A correspondent from Michigan in the September 8 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, tells us what reliability can be placed on figures favoring prohibition under the Volstead régime.

It is not, however, with figures, credited or discredited as they may be, that I now take issue with Mr. Wirth. It is with a statement of his in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL, to the effect that prohibition would have

its salutary effects if priests from their pulpits had not preached that disobedience to the Eighteenth Amendment meant a passport to heaven.

I wonder at what bureau of information our correspondent picked up this savory morsel of knowledge. From what esthetic amphora did he slake his thirst for justice and truth? Perhaps an almanac turned oracle and supplied the gem.

It is preposterous to think that any priest, in good standing and *compos sui*, would so outrage the intelligence of his people by giving utterance to such an unethical and unwarranted statement. From the very outset of our national endeavor our Catholic people, with few exceptions, were intelligent enough to see through the mist and fog of "the noble experiment" without any illumination from the pulpit.

The Catholic Church preaches Christ and Christ crucified. No irrelevant or sensational topic finds a place in her pulpits. Even during the hectic campaign of 1928, when a Catholic was seeking the highest office in the nation, when God's pure air was used as a medium to carry religious bigotry into the privacy of homes, when the press reeked with it, and Christian houses of prayer fanned it into flame, the Catholic pulpits were silent on the issue. Fair-minded non-Catholics concede this.

Prohibition, politics, Lindbergh's flight to Europe, Bernard Shaw's visit to America, the League of Nations and kindred topics, have no place in Catholic pulpits.

C. J. HAYES, M.S.

GERMANY AND RELIGION

Albany, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Among your recent editorials and articles on the German situation as it affects Catholicism in that country, I have not seen one which treats adequately the most distressing feature of the whole thing. I refer to the German hierarchy's amazing reversal of its position on the National Socialist party. You remember that ever since the movement became prominent it had been officially condemned by the German prelates, and Catholics who became members of the Nazi party were forbidden to approach the sacraments. You know also the Nazi traits which brought on this ban—the strong militarism, the unchristian insistence on the unique superiority of the German race over all others, the hatred of Jews and persecution of that race, etc.

Today the Nazi position on the above matters has not changed. But, formerly a mere opposition party, the Hitlerites have now seized full control of the State. Thereupon the Church authorities do an about-face, lift the ban on Catholics becoming Nazis, and some prelates are even heard in praise of the government. Now, if the principles condemned a brief while ago were wrong then, they are still wrong. The mere grasp of power by the party cannot change that.

I can understand why a concordat might be signed, for this is simply the obtaining of the best terms possible for the Church in its relations with the State, and implies no blanket approval of the powers that be. But the

chasm between Catholic philosophy and certain Nazi principles remains as wide as ever. In fact, it may be widening, as witness the proposals for euthanasia and for the sterilization of defectives, now emanating from some official quarters.

Is there any explanation other than expediency for the Church leaders' reversal of their previous stand? If so, I should be much interested to see it expounded in your columns. I may add that I do not consider the fear of Communism furnishes justification for their action.

FRANK P. MOTHERSELL.

CATHOLIC READING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I have followed with great interest the communications which have dealt with Catholic books, their presence in public libraries and the existence of various circulating libraries throughout the country for Catholic books. With these assurances that the books will be available, I am interested in laying out a course of serious reading for myself for this winter's evenings. Would you be willing to give some space in your columns to suggestions as to what are the most important books for a Catholic seeking an adult, well-informed attitude toward the world he lives in?

A five-foot shelf of Catholic books, let us say. Will some of your readers and contributors volunteer what would be their choices? So that there may be some uniformity in the answers for a basis of comparison of opinions, let the suggestions be of the ten most important books; then, if your correspondent wishes, the next ten.

The character of the answers will be valuable not only to readers, such as myself, but also, perhaps, to our publishers as an indication of that much mooted thing, what the reader wants.

ALAN RUMFORD.

THE SHADOW OF WAR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In connection with the Church and war question raised by Miss Thayer may I suggest the following as being informative reading material on the subject:

"The Church and War," by Ignatius Stratmann, O.P. Published by Sheed and Ward.

"Is War Justifiable?" an opinion delivered by a group of Catholic professors assembled in Freiburg. Published in the *Catholic Mind* of August 8, 1932.

"Caesarism, Conscience, and War," by Joseph Keating, S.J., in the *Catholic Mind* of August 8, 1932.

"The Scandal of War," by Joseph Keating, S. J., in the *Catholic Mind* of May 22, 1933.

FRANCIS L. BURKE.

Editors' Note: We regret that through an error in last week's issue, the name of Mr. J. Moss Ives, author of the article "Maryland's History," was printed as J. Washburn Ives.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Mary of Scotland

IT IS a richly human though intensely regal Mary Stuart that Maxwell Anderson has placed before us in his memorable play, "Mary of Scotland." But he has done more than write a fine play about one of the most interesting characters in history. He has also written a poem, both in the literal sense that he has used verse rather than prose as his vehicle, and in the larger sense that he has brought the flame of the poet's insight to bear upon a human struggle of epic proportions. If I am permitted to except the last act, I should be inclined to say that this is the finest work of poetic eloquence yet produced by an American dramatist. It is less creative than some of the finest passages of Eugene O'Neill, and it lacks O'Neill's quality of torrential emotion. But it has a firm inner discipline, a clear instinct for form and inner substance, and a simple beauty of language seldom achieved in the modern English or American theatre.

The last act, which I except from this general praise with real regret, suffers from self-consciousness translated into a curious attitude of historical self-esteem on the part of the two queens, Mary and Elizabeth. In this act, the human, woman-to-woman struggle becomes a duel of rhetoric and prophecy. Each solemnly declaims about her position in history yet to be written. We are told what we should think—that Mary conquers in defeat, and that Elizabeth, through a consciously created legend, will be said to have governed England wisely. This breaks the illusion, so expertly created up to this point, that we are privy to history in the making. It makes us suddenly conscious that we are merely seeing history re-created.

Something of the same weakness also creeps into the earlier scenes between Elizabeth and Lord Burghley, in which Elizabeth lays bare her plot to discredit Mary Stuart with her own people and to use John Knox as the unwitting means to her ends. These scenes are really little more than condensed explanatory material. They are meant to show us the inner explanation of much that happens to the luckless Mary in Scotland. But their very brevity and condensation work against their theatrical integrity, and against a credible characterization of Elizabeth. Plans and plots spring full-fledged into Elizabeth's mind which, in human terms, would take days or weeks to germinate and develop, days of hurt pride, nights of growing fear for her own security, hours of dark planning, during which her emotions would find a rational excuse or justification for carrying out her plans. It would be better, in fact, if Elizabeth herself never appeared in these scenes, better, for example, if Burghley, carrying out her plans through emissaries, were to be the means of informing the audience of her designs and ambitions. This condensed picture of Elizabeth is all the more unfortunate in contrast to the full and free development of Mary Stuart's tragedy. It is probably the influence of these earlier scenes which carries through into the last act and weakens its dramatic integrity.

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But it is the drama of Mary Stuart which, after all, supplies the flame and passion and poetry to the play as a whole, and here we have the growing and astonishing power of Maxwell Anderson at its best. He begins his saga with Mary's arrival on her own unfamiliar shores, in the midst of a low lying mist, the brutal directness of the Scottish lords and the messianic diatribes of John Knox, who thinks himself inspired by heaven to break the peril embodied in the "popish" queen. Against his stern tirades, we see the naïve and gracious efforts of Mary to win his affection and that of all the other torn and warring factions of Scotland. It is not long before we find the reason for her dependence on the loyalty and plain-spoken devotion of the Earl of Bothwell. Among all the plotters and counter-plotters, he alone is single of purpose. But the net which the far-off Elizabeth has thrown around her soon closes in. By letting it be intimated that she favors Mary's marriage to the Protestant Bothwell, Elizabeth succeeds in having Mary accept the worthless Darnley as an intended gesture of defiance to Elizabeth. Then begins the campaign of calumny and gossip, the suggestions conveyed in this quarter and that, that Mary, with her training in France, is a woman of light and easily bestowed affections, that her faithful secretary, David Rizzio, is, in fact, her lover. The hatred and suspicion of John Knox is used to fan this rumor into a flame of fanatical belief. Rizzio is murdered before Mary's eyes.

Then comes Darnley's death, carefully attributed by many tongues to Mary herself and to Bothwell, an impression confirmed in the popular mind by Mary's later marriage to Bothwell. There is the attack on Mary and Bothwell, culminating in the treason at Dunbar castle, and Mary's removal to Elizabeth's prison in England. In the last act, we have the battle between the two queens, the revelation of Elizabeth's full intentions to Mary, and Mary's refusal to abdicate her throne, even with lifelong imprisonment as the alternative. Our last glimpse of the unhappy Mary is in the tower window, utterly alone, facing a setting sun whose path of light, unknown to her, is to lead to the headsman's block.

The great achievement of Mr. Anderson is in bringing humanity, warmth, credibility, humor, pathos and rich illusion to a chain of events that might easily have become cold and lifeless in the theatre. His verse is strong and simple and abounding in the rich color which only English can yield, and only in the hands of a master of words. His characters are individual and varied. But his achievement is fully matched by that of Helen Hayes in the rôle of Mary Stuart and that of Philip Merivale as Bothwell. It will be long before the theatre again witnesses two such superb performances. Miss Hayes comes into her own as a tragic actress of regal stature, her somewhat diminutive person seeming literally to rise above itself by the sheer power of an inner flame burning with matchless authority. Her voice, too, has become a rare instrument shaped to respond to her every demand. Add the settings and costumes by Robert Edmond Jones, and you can see what the Theatre Guild has brought to adorn the stage. (At the Alvin Theatre.)

BOOKS

Care of the Sick

Behind the Doctor, by Logan Clendening. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

THE MEANING of the title is found in the motto the author has chosen for the book. It is a quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Medicine learned 'from a Jesuit how to cure agues, from a friar how to cut for the stone, from a soldier how to treat gout, from a sailor how to keep off scurvy, from a postmaster how to sound the Eustachian tube, from a dairymaid how to prevent smallpox, and from an old market woman how to catch the itch-insect.'" But medicine has above all learned, as Dr. Clendening emphasizes, from the army of acute faithful observers in the medical profession who have left a precious heritage of the knowledge they gleaned and the discoveries and inventions they made to succeeding generations. The author has made a most interesting book by bringing together all the romantic elements to be found in the course of medical history. Above all, he brings out that real advances in medicine were always the subject of opposition and very seldom did a man have the satisfaction of having the value of his discoveries recognized during his lifetime. It is chastening for all of us to know that "after his book on the circulation of the blood came out, Harvey fell mightily in his practise and it was believed that he was crack-brained."

We have just celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of Harvey's work and it might seem that during the years since we have become wiser and readier to accept new discoveries at their face value, but when Lister went to London, they refused to admit him to the London Surgical Society and the president declared that if no one else did, he would blackball "that charlatan, Lister." Pasteur met with long-continued opposition to his discovery of a cure for rabies. A century before they had called Galvani a dancing master for frogs, and suggested that Laennec had invented a play toy for physicians. Even in New York City in our generation, when Dr. O'Dwyer presented his intubation set before the New York Academy of Medicine, they told him it was quite impossible to do what he said he had been doing at the Foundling Asylum and saving lives in the process.

Dr. Clendening has written one deservedly popular book, "The Human Body"; perhaps that is why one can detect a straining after effect in certain passages of this. He sums up some of the thrills in medicine and other fields of discovery in this passage: "To have been the first to hear the sound of the living human heart and the sounds of the living human lung [was a thrill indeed]. Helmholtz describes something of the same emotion when with his ophthalmoscope he was the first to see the inside of the living human eye. Columbus discerning the flickering light upon a little island, Keats looking into Chapman's 'Homer,' Rockefeller having salted away his first million—they are all compact of the same ecstasy." I wonder if it would be possible to have a bathos more complete than the latter part of that paragraph.

A more serious blot on Dr. Clendening's "Behind the Doctor" is his insistence in certain passages on Church opposition to the progress of medicine. When he treats of Vesalius he dwells on this particularly and yet proceeds to tell the story of the great development of anatomy which took place in the sixteenth century, all of it in Italy. Men whose names are forever famous in the history of medicine flocked to Italy because that was the one place where they could secure opportunities for dissection, untrammelled by law. Just before Vesalius, Linacre, the founder of the Royal College of Physicians in London, studied in Italy; while Vesalius was there John Keyes, the founder of Caius College, who introduced dissection into England, was in Italy. A little later Harvey went there and has paid high tribute to his Italian masters at the beginning of his book on the circulation of the blood. Steno, the great Danish anatomist, found Italy a delightful place to study. If there was any opposition on the part of the Church to dissection and anatomical study, there is no hint of it to be found.

As a matter of fact, at that time all the great artists in Italy were making dissections as well as the doctors, and it was the influence of the Church which enabled them to secure subjects for their dissection. Some of the greatest anatomists of that time were papal physicians, that is, they were invited by the popes to come to Rome to be their attending physicians or to act in consultation over the pope's health. Such men as Eustachius, after whom the Eustachian tube is named; Varolius, after whom the *pons Varolii* in the brain is called; Colombo, who described the circulation of the blood in the lungs; Malpighi, after whom more structures in the human body are named than any other because of his discovery of them; Cespino, the great Italian botanist who, before Harvey, wrote a description of the circulation of the blood in the body; Morgagni, whom Virchow greeted as the father of pathology—all these were papal physicians, intimate personal friends of the Popes who had honored them and paid tribute to their work as scientists by naming them their personal physicians.

Unfortunately there is an old Protestant prejudice in this matter of Church opposition to dissection which a few physicians of this generation prefer to accept rather than follow the teachings of authoritative medical historians who have made it very clear that this represented a bit of religious intolerance, the fruit of the time when men spoke of the Middle Ages as the Dark Ages because they knew no better.

JAMES J. WALSH.

The Rossetti Circle

Poor Splendid Wings, by Frances Winwar. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

THIS book, which won the \$5,000 prize offered by the *Atlantic Monthly* and Little, Brown and Company, is described as "a biographical narrative of the men and women who as young rebels overturned the drowsy art of Victorian England to leave in its place paintings, volumes of poetry, new methods of printing, even new

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forms of furniture—the story of the Rossettis, of Millais, Ruskin, and Holman Hunt, of Swinburne and William Morris." To this catalogue of names might be added those of: Walter Theodore Watts, who changed his name to Theodore Watts-Dunton and drew from Whistler his card bearing the marvelous dancing, stinging butterfly and the ejaculation, "Theodore! What's Dunton?"; Whistler himself; the strange frustrated loves of Christina Georgina Rossetti; her brother's sad, eleventh-hour wife; Burne-Jones; Meredith; Ford Madox Brown; Hall Caine; Walt Whitman and the lady who fell in love with him through his poems, and crossed the sea to offer herself in marriage to him, only to be disappointed and disappoint; the black-avised Charles Augustus Howell with his cunning; Simeon Solomon, the damned young man; Tennyson; and Rose La Touche. Altogether theirs was an extraordinarily mixed and lurid epoch. Like the Renaissance, like pagan antiquity, it finally foundered in corruption, though it started with refined ideals.

Miss Winwar's book is chiefly amazing for her balance, without being didactic, in the midst of so much unbalance and for the great numbers she crowds upon the scene without their losing their individual lineaments. She has a bad habit of being a little hysterical at exciting moments when the reader might want her to be most circumstantial, of lapsing into a rhapsody of semi-poetic generalities at moments when the reader would appreciate straight reporting—notably at the scene of, and the immediate events leading up to, the death of Elizabeth Siddal Rossetti. No such feminine squeamishness is evinced in the case of the bad endings of Howell and Solomon. Perhaps the elaborately explicit and rather spiteful "Rossetti's Wife" of last year made the author feel the tragedy was common knowledge. No matter; this is all minor caviling, as it would be to say that for the first third of the book, before she becomes really wound up in her subject, there is some rather too feminine, or quaint, phraseology.

The book on the whole is eminently readable, and throughout there is an admirable sense of values. The few passages reflecting the growing, sophomoric scorning of religion and wild faith in science and in man's humanity to man—as though the latter were quite an original notion—are done impressionistically with what I believe is fine satire, rather than any evangelical enthusiasm for the new paganism.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

A Woman's Side of War

Testament of Youth: An Autobiographical Study of the Years 1900-1925, by Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

WAR FROM the inside—the woman's side—is exposed in this unusual book whose candor is as genuine as it is expressive. We become intimate with the high promise of the generation who went down to Oxford in 1913—the constancy of their idealism, the sadness of their annihilation. When Vera Brittain returned to her college in 1919, she had lost all contact with her youth—her brother, her fiancé and their circle of friends,

all had been killed. England was too exhausted by war to see glamor in the returning hero. "You've been away a long time, I think, Mr. X.?" remarked one college president to an ex-officer with a wound stripe. "A long time—it's a pity. You'll have to work very hard to catch up with the others."

The daughter of a mill-owning family in a mill town, Miss Brittain had to fight the now almost forgotten Victorian prejudices against feminism to get to Oxford, where her idyll with Roland, the poet, had just begun when the Germans marched through Belgium. Vera volunteered for hospital service. In London, the hostel which sheltered the V.A.D.'s was two miles from Camberwell Hospital, with inadequate tram service, so that the girls usually had to walk to and fro in the London rain. When one of them died of pneumonia an ambulance service was started, but one bathtub with cold or tepid water still had to serve twenty tired young nurses.

In France Miss Brittain was assigned to the German prisoners whose self-discipline and strict etiquette made their mute suffering doubly pathetic. For her, "enemy" came to mean the jingoes of all nations, but she admits that from her experience war produces heroism to a far greater extent than brutality. It convinced her that individualism has no place in the modern world, and she has centered her hopes and her energy upon Geneva. Roland found comfort in the end in the Church, but she nerved herself with Bertrand Russell's exhortation to keep one's interest in life independent of personal loss.

Although she has now won her way to happiness, the book is a memorial of the lives the war ended—of Roland and of Edward, her brother: their letters from the front and Roland's fugitive verses; their earnest search for truth and beauty; the gift of their ambitions to the ideal toward which they stumbled. There has never been a more heart-rending episode than Roland's last leave from France when their intensity of feeling kept them both inarticulate. "Testament of Youth" may be over-long, but it ranks with "Journey's End" as solid foundation for the understanding of war and need of the League of Nations.

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

Salve—Austria

Radetzky March, by Joseph Roth. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE DECLINE of Austria is one of the finest tragedies, at least in the esthetic sense, that the modern world has witnessed. Its peculiar beauty for the imaginative observer lies as much in the contemplation of the grandeur of Austria's folly as in the nobility of her decay. But it is not easy to consider the dissolution of such a magnificent organism, no matter how much one finds to condemn in its structure, for the good and the evil are so extraordinarily intermingled as to obscure a definite vision. And that is why, perhaps, so many efforts at depicting the tragedy have failed. That may also, paradoxically, account for the success of "Radetzky March," for Herr Roth has realized that a clear picture of the whole drama is not only impossible to achieve but really

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less important in conveying what is worth remembering than a few details beautifully balanced.

The case of the von Trottas, father, son and grandson, and their devotion to the Emperor, may be an isolated example with the specifically individual qualities and circumstances which the story demands, but it may also well be taken to symbolize a very genuine and important element in the whole system of pre-war Austria.

The Emperor who had kept watch over them for three generations had come to signify for the von Trottas not only their country but the universe as well. In the army, which had brought his family glory, the grandson Carl Joseph learned that the Emperor was really only a very old man and that Austria, vastly older, was doomed to perish with the Emperor; whereas life itself was something now quite apart from the two. But by the time he made this discovery it was too late. The war came, and the destiny for which he had prepared himself, but against which he had rebelled, overtook him. He died, a good von Trotta, in the service of the Emperor.

The structure of the novel is hardly more complicated than the theme indicates, but in the handling of situation, in the fine delicacy of the author's perspective which never leads him into the pitfalls of sentimentality, we have something like a fitting record of this already distant epoch. It is a simple epitaph, finely chiseled.

FRANK WOLLENCOTT BARNES.

Archbishop of Canterbury

St. Anselm, a Critical Biography, by Joseph Clayton.
Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. \$1.75.

THOUGH an intrepid defender of the Church's rights, a brilliant pioneer in philosophy and theology, and a burning flame of charity, the author of "Cur Deus Homo" is perhaps less well known to modern English-speaking Catholics, who ought to be particularly interested, than any other medieval saint of such commanding stature. Whether or not the numerous works on Saint Anselm in French, Spanish, German and Italian, to which Mr. Clayton refers, and some of which he might well have listed, have been widely read in their own countries, this reviewer is unable to say. In any case they have not been translated. Those who know anything of scholastic philosophy are aware that Saint Thomas rejected Anselm's famous argument for God's existence, an argument that has been well described as "haunting the mind of man," and which was restated by Descartes and Leibnitz. No doubt the Angelic Doctor was right, but that is a poor excuse for our neglect of Saint Anselm. Perhaps the Benedictines, those aristocrats of Christendom, are less concerned than more recent orders in fostering popular devotion to the saints that glorify their history. Though Mr. Clayton's biography is not the first book on the subject in English, it is certainly more adapted to popular reading than, for instance, Martin Rule's "Life and Times of Saint Anselm." Since the present book is brief, its editor's description of it as "a complete picture" must be taken in a relative sense. It is, however, vividly written and accurate in scholarship, so it may be heartily recom-

mended to all who wish to learn something of this heroic Italian, who, after being Abbot of Bec, became Archbishop of Canterbury at a time when a more alarming and difficult position could scarcely be imagined.

Since there are no authentic portraits of Saint Anselm, the fine bas-relief on the façade of Westminster Cathedral would have made a far more pleasing frontispiece than the feeble engraving which has been chosen, or the Beuron-esque figure that appears later in the book.

Father Husslein, general editor of the "Science and Culture Series," is to be congratulated on adding another valuable work to the rapidly growing list, no less Catholic in comprehensiveness than Catholic in inspiration, of books that he has already given us.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

Canadian Protestantism

Church Union in Canada: Its Causes and Consequence, by Claris Edwin Silcox. New York: Institute of Social and Religious Research. \$3.00.

EVERY effort toward the realization of the Divine Master's prayer "that they may be one" is of interest to the Christian world. The recognition of its divisions is the first step that will lead to its reunion.

The volume under review is a historical exposition of one of those efforts of divided Protestantism in Canada. "Church Union in Canada" is a conscientious presentation and an unbiased interpretation of the facts that led to the "organic union" of the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Canada. The "United Church of Canada" is the product of this union, with a large membership next in size to that of the Catholic Church.

The author treats his subject as a historian, not as a theologian. The acrimonious debates which this religious movement gave rise to, do not enter into the picture. This objectivity of his work is its real merit. "The story of the spiritual forces, the ideals and the passions of the church-union movement, is another story," as the author himself writes in the preface of his book. The historical backgrounds, the negotiations for union, the aftermath—these three parts of the present work are the three milestones of this historical road of Canadian Protestantism toward organic union.

Without entering into the merits of many debated points at issue, the author stresses the basis of this union in matters of doctrine, policy, training of ministry and administration. Yet here and there he does not fail to stress the weak points of this religious "merger."

"An attempt at evaluation" of the present tendencies and influences of the United Church, is a summing up of the author's views on church union as it stands today before the bar of public opinion. Many will not agree with his conclusions. As to the Catholic reader who sees no lasting union of Christianity but in the one true Church, he will close the book murmuring to himself the words of the Psalmist, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," and praying with the Master "that they may be one."

GEORGE DALY.

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Old Embroidery Transferred131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058**Briefer Mention***Worth Remembering*, by Rhys James. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.00.

"FOR ADULTS only." That statement of the publishers should be underscored when "Worth Remembering" is advertised. And parents should be thoroughly cautioned against leaving the book around where children might read it. Children are imitators, and no sane parent will want a Bunnypie, Biddy or Bud—Mr. James's three children—in the family. This trio frolics obstreperously, insouciantly and incorrigibly through the pages to the befuddled confusion, anger and distress of a widower father and a colored Mammy. When their antics can be closely related to the common experiences of childhood, the book is hugely amusing. Adults may, through reading such sections, hark back to their own almost-forgotten youths with memories both rueful and comic. Yet Mr. James has piled on too thickly for this book to merit the encomiums of some critics. The balanced reader will be, in consequence, more often anxious to thrash these child rebels than to sympathize with them. This failure to arouse the reader's sympathy with the characters is a serious defect.

A Book of Americans, by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.00.

THE BENÉTS, with a very competent and often jocular illustrator, range from Columbus to Woodrow Wilson in this series of brief rhymed biographies. Thus "A Book of Americans" is essentially a tabloid history of our country. A faint sophistication touches these light verses but never distortingly. The result is a thoroughly entertaining presentation which fixes the salient characteristics of subjects through very vivid and unforgettable impressions. Indeed "A Book of Americans," after adults have chuckled over it, might very helpfully be loaned to high school children. The word "loaned" is used because there are not many who, once owning this book, will wish to forego possession of it.

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